

OZ

No. 16 JAN: 65 ... 1/6

1964 WAS A
GOOD YEAR BUT
MAHER-ED AT
THE END



DONT COMMIT

SOCIAL SUICIDE!

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Hanging around in the right circles . . . means hanging around in the correct formal attire . . . so join the smart set who go to FORMAL WEAR. For your next swinging formal function (Christmas cocktail parties, evenings at Cheval, Menzies . . .) Let FORMAL WEAR dress you up to live (or be killed). Come, have a tea, dinner-out, dress suit . . . Girls hire the gown of your dreams for only a small hiring fee. Some valued at over 100 gns.



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DINNER SUIT AND TUXEDO ACCESSORIES: Shirt 15/-; Cuff Tie 5/-; Socks, Gloves 5/-; Waist; Dress Jewellery 5/-; extra.
(Please state collar size)

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Hiring cost includes: Dress Shirt and Collar, White Vest, Straps and Cuff Links, White Gloves and White Tie. (Please state collar size of shirt).

LOUNGE SUIT: Hiring cost £5; Deposit £5; Postage 6/-; TOTAL £16/11/-

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Deluxe Lanes
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from £10-£5 Dep.
Full Gown
from £5-£5 Dep.
Full Skirt
from £2/2/-£5 Dep.

(Follow these directions)



CHEST
Round chest
high under
arms and
over shoulder
blades



SLAVEE
Under arm
under arm
across chest
at end of
longest of
sleeve



LENGTH
Length of
jacket from
under back
collar to
bottom of
jacket



WHRST
MEASURE
over the
waistband
without belt



LENGTH
Down side
seam from
crotch to
bottom of
cuff (inside
trouser leg)

Shirt Size

Waist

POST BACK OR RUSH IN TO

FORMALWEAR

147a KING STREET, SYDNEY
(at rear of lift)
near Castlereagh St.
PHONE 28-0537

THE N.S.W. BUILDERS' LABOURER

Official Organ of the N.S.W. Branch of the
Australian Builders Labourers' Federation

PICNIC DAY "SABOTAGE" MUST BE OPPOSED

By M. (Mick) McNAMARA, Secretary

Although over 30,000 Building Workers and their families attended our Picnic on Monday, 7th December, 1964, this Union has reason to believe that there were deliberate attempts on the part of some employers to sabotage our hard-won day off.

Not only was members work spoiled, the Building Trades Group has many concerned with the reports coming in that many employees told their workers that they had to work on Monday.

Also employers are telling our members not to buy a Picnic Ticket. There were 3 cases on the previous Friday where the Boss sacked men who he would get up of payed for the Picnic day. (He has been dealt with most effectively).

The boss tries to justify this question of working on picnic day by convincing you double time. WHAT A JOKE! And here's why—if you didn't work on picnic day you wouldn't get a bonus this fortnightly. If you did work on picnic day you get only 2 hours on top of what you are entitled to. This is not double time. In fact it is barely and slightly above time and by the time the boss has finished their share it is well over double time. And the union president says it is that you have retained the opportunity of working a day with your family or friends at the employer's expense.

Despite these attempts and more than 300,000 people in the largest picnic of any Trade Union in Australia. The unions have strong many more ways of pounds to obtain this day for you. It is your responsibility to ensure that the employers can never take it away.

The easiest way for them to do this is that employers will ask you to quit, and if you are asked to quit, then they would say that we don't want a picket anyway, so at they would go to the court with the appropriate application.

The employers don't want to give you a picnic. Don't let them fool you—always buy that ticket and DON'T WORK. THOMPSON'S DAY OFF.

Flasher

THE TOPLESS SOCIETY..

1964 was the year of The Topless. In Australia the dress with the definitive fringe never really got off the ground. Nevertheless, toplessness was reaffirmed as a national characteristic, almost as important as undergarments. The amount of blazer, jacket or cardigan like the top would last as well as the daring bodiceless.

Right with the topless Bob and Arthur, former adherents today united in a common goal to maintain themselves in their leadership as perpetual, self-perpetuating the cost to the country or their parties.

1964 was the publication of Don Whiting's "The Topless" a devastating indictment of the way Manly has paraded his Ministers of any independent spirit in order to maintain his relentless grip on the nation's policies. For fifteen years Manly has been confronted with the load of political education statements would carry. Ensured of electoral victory - having succeeded - he was in a position to push through legislation, but, temporarily unpopular, statements which might later have proved the victim of their author.

Indeed the fifteen years have been devoid of either imagination or wisdom. Long since disappointed in the attempt to give his reign quality, Manly has settled for quantity. Like Donald Campbell, he must be the only person in Australia concerned of the significance of the records he is setting.

The quantities just the Labor Party in general and Gair in particular have played on this appalling state of affairs is too well known to require. The Senate elections have set the seal on their stupidity. This is the Peter Pan Party, which never grew up.

Australia's been political topless a new party. Gas prepared to look East, equitably and honestly, to adopt a position of armed neutrality, to find a happy compromise between the rigidity of White Australia and the chaotic problems of a multi-racial society. On the home front, it would bring Australia into line with the rest of the civilized world on such moral questions as capital punishment, censorship etc. It would protect competition and free enterprise from the demands of restrictive practices but where monopoly is inescapable or economically overwhelmingly advantageous it would ensure that its profits go into the pockets of all rather than a few. It would attempt to strike the delicate balance between protection of the needy and compensating the rights of the individual by forcing him into a state of servitude.

Unfortunately the Liberal Party has fundamentally misinterpreted the title such a party should have.

In 1964 we not only doubted politics but the politicians proposing them. In N.E.W. the Labor allegations hang in suspense. But before that a Liberal MP was elected in Parliament House and the Topless case raised questions which have not yet been answered in Queensland there were charges of bribery and corruption, not only against the police force but parliamentarians of all main parties. There was political dishonesty - in South Australia those doggy knights, Sir Thomas Playford and Sir Gerry Johner, reign supreme - and political in-

fluence in the ABC.

1964 was the Year of the Smear. Prime Minister Gorton to display the attitude of their intellect is by professing to imitate the quality rather than logically defend what he says. The best sold in Federal Parliament, Sir Garfield Barwick, was replaced by Sir John Latham, better on the star than any of his fellows. Australia can now boast a whole party devoted to its energies and increasing electoral strength in this land of mental anarchy - the D.P. But smearing is not confined to the Right. The Left too "fascist" and "socialist" with the best of them. It is in this kind of unhealthy atmosphere that Senator Ewing can put uncorrupted facts into the front pages of the national press and still retain his seat in a democratic election.

The morality of big business is irrelevant for excellence. Big America's in his lobby, all's right with the world. His airlines can handle everyone's misery of his Big Queensland TV Swaps. Companies come and companies go but fraud and mismanagement just go on and on.

And where is that little boy who looks after the sheep, the Church? He is under the spotlight having a nightmare about sex or dreaming up some new gimmick to keep the laity interested. The Catholic Church

is now absorbed in money matters to speak out boldly on moral questions. The Protestants are on busy propagandizing and evangelizing that they have destroyed the traditional doctrine that is the basis of all religion.

The Church, whether now, must speak with one voice to be heard. And as only one thought is agreed: SEX IS EVIL. Morality has become synonymous with sex and we can no longer expect Church Ministers to point the home of the dishonesty and corruption of the public figures to whom they owe. Each year thousands die in agonizing death from lung cancer and yet a banister lobby prevents any criticism of cigarette advertising - what has the Church to say on essentially this moral question?

Where have all the idealists gone? Once in government and opportunists, every one. So much for Australia, the Topless Society, a worldwide sanctuary for empires without clothes. It is in this context that Gorton sees the voice of protest and is laid up on an electricity charge. This is the sick society that has the importance to question the credentials of Gair to go about his particular line of business.

By 1964 it is late the summer and only dinner that he is asked but during his young woman who went on a charge of being a parent.



Sydney, SUNDAY: A spokesman for the striking clergymen said today that following the recent decision of the Arbitration Court, his union had decided to return to work but, until their claims had been met, to observe strictly all regulations laid down by a Higher Authority. The strikers are demanding double pay on Sundays and over the Christmas period. (The picture shows a group of the strikers after today's meeting.)

Christmas is the joy of giving. It's also the agony of receiving. Because usually you receive something completely useless. But sometimes even that friend who burdened you with another pair of cuff links this Xmas must have a birthday. Then it's some of his own medicine

Pen & Pencil Set



You'll never find a more useless present than this one. It's a scratched plastic box containing

- a/ A split barrel fountain pen that you have to take to bits to reload.
- b/ A propelling pencil (who ever wanted a propelling pencil?) that writes atomically with shattered leads until you unscrew the end and bits get lost in the carpet.
- c/ A fat biro with a thin refill which writes in vivid ultramarine for three days and runs out and you can't get a refill anywhere.

Individually useless but very attractive in a set. Available in brown, lime-green, or lemon yellow.

Party Trays



Party Trays

Just ask your department store for "cockery bayer's folly" and they'll give you this delightful hand-painted rainbow coloured barbecue-party-TV tray.

There are compartments for holding peanuts, chips, biscuits with cheese on them, and olives with toothpicks in them. There's a hole for extra toothpicks, and a knife for chopping cheese and fingers. By golly, the designers have thought of everything, right down to the olives elegantly painted everywhere, like "come and get it" and "down the hatch". But you won't even have to ask the salesman for them: they'll be on the first counter you bump into at the front of the store. Now there's service for you.

Travelling Clocks

Who could resist the charm of little travelling clocks on shop counters? Your friends are of course, but it's your shop!

Travelling clocks are just so cute that you can stand there opening and shutting and over-winding them for hours.

Buy one for a friend who's doing some travelling and hasn't heard of the invention of the wrist-watch.

Designed to last three months at least, by craftsmen who are now in the toy trade.

Writing Sets

A brown leather case complete with writing pad, pencil, and broken nib. Give one to a friend who hasn't got one already and can be assumed not to need one. Give one to a friend who's doing some travelling, to add extra weight and volume to his suitcase, and to save sending those convenient air-letters.

Available leather: dark blue to dark brown.

Available pencils: faint to invisible.

Instructional Paperbacks

Extra useless, these shiny covered non-fiction paper-backed books shouldn't be laying around spread on bookshop shelves, when they can lay round on your friends' shelves unread. Many useless titles to choose from: "Teach yourself Mongolian", "How to read two thousand words per minute", "Sixty Great Philosophers", "Resilience Architecture" etc. etc. All remarkably similar.

All equally useless.



Drinking Glasses

- 1. That they're extra expensive so that people will be afraid to actually drink out of them.
- 2. That they're very thin, so that they'll shatter while being wiped dry.
- 3. That they're a special size like so that replacements will be impossible.

Rock and Tie sets

Give these priority too. They're cleverly thought out boxes containing matching ties and socks. Saves you having to buy ties and then socks, saves you buying ties and not socks, saves you spending good money on food and rent.

—Vera Bondron

ADS NAUSEAM

Here's a special parlour game to amuse your kiddies during your summer holidays. We've taken some of the ads you all love so well and omitted the last word of each. We've then supplied a list of possible endings you would like to see on your favourite ads if you were in the "sell" game. This should provide special attraction for the older boys and girls among you who are learning the copy-writing bit.

1. Where there's a man there's a . . .
 - a) woman
 - b) usually a pub is right
 - c) one in 500 chance of times of the amput.
2. Whereas the wrecker was
 - a) an English fast bowler
 - b) founder of the Australian Nash Party
 - c) The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.
3. Australia's New Army needs . . .
 - a) a postscript war
 - b) a guerrilla war
 - c) any goddam war at all so long it is war.
4. Take Vincent's with
 - a) pleasure
 - b) the Pill
 - c) Van Gush
5. Binkie's burgers are
 - a) obscene and indecent publications
 - b) phantom parking policemen
 - c) a group of South African soldiers.

—JARD



Lend me...



your...



ears....



Subscribe to.....



OZ

Name

Address

State

OZ Magazine

15 Hunter Street

Sydney

\$ 1 a year, \$ 2 for 2 years

THESE MEN MUST

Unfortunately, both our political leaders, Sir ROBERT MENZIES and Mr CALWELL, are old men and have little sympathy with or interest in expanding our national thinking to a more direct involvement in Asian affairs. Neither of these old men has shown any marked interest in forging strong links of friendship between ourselves and the people of these countries.

It is too much to expect that they should.

Each of them is plainly bored with the difficult issues—of trade policy, of aid policy, of defence policy, of immigration policy—which must necessarily come forward as the world of Asia and the southern seas increasingly grips our national attention. The prospect of 1965 is enlivened by the possibility that early in the year Mr CALWELL may surrender his reins of leadership and that by the end of this year even Sir ROBERT may retire to a well earned repose.

Hence, just as 1965 may be the beginning of a new era in which Asia becomes too close to ignore, so it may also be the end of an era in which two old leaders helped us to forget the world around us.

THE AUSTRALIAN SATURDAY JANUARY 2 1965

AM I TOO OLD AT 70 TO BE PRIME MINISTER?

NO. You can still carry the burden of Prime Ministerial office, for the burden is light.

You may be senile, but only a few of us know and we don't matter. Yes, skip off to Fiji just when Sukarno has ditched the U.N. . . Some will joke about your persistent absence in a crisis (but that just makes our heart grow fonder).

Talking of jokes... don't the press love your public meetings? Every cliché reads like an epigram.

Anyway, Bob, hurry back. Hate you to miss an important social function (Wasn't Catherine's wedding a beauty?). Yes, if you don't return soon: the times they might start a changing...and that would be fatal.

RESIGN

The Sydney Morning Herald.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1939.

RESIGNATION OF MR. MENZIES.

"Nothing in his life," said Malcolm of the dead shade of Cawdor, "became him like the leaving it." Nothing in the political career of Mr. Menzies has become him better than his resignation from the Federal Cabinet on a point of principle and consistency. He has not, in truth, abandoned his high office "as 'twere a carleless strife," since he delayed until the last possible moment an action which, apart from its effects on his own political future, he knew must be deeply embarrassing to the Prime Minister and the Government. But that moment having been reached, and a majority of the Cabinet having decided to disavow vital features of the National Insurance Act to which the Ministry and the parties supporting it were pledged, he hesitated no longer to place his sense of duty to his constituents and the country before the advantages of office. Mr. Menzies entered Federal politics and the Lyons Ministry with a brilliant State record and every augury for advancement to the highest political post in the Commonwealth. If he did not fulfil all the expectations of his admirers, and if it seemed sometimes as if success and political preferment had come to him too easily, the action which he took yesterday shows that he possessed what is becoming increasingly rare in public life—a devotion to principle and a refusal to cling to office when considerations strongly and honestly held counsel a contrary course. For that example the public everywhere will honour him. It will also discern in Mr. Menzies those qualities of courage and determination which are the blood and bone of true leadership.

TAG WRESTLING AT CANBERRA

Harold Holt is waiting with increased expectation for his leader to retire. When that moment comes he expects to lay out the old to take over in centre ring. But the old boy is loathe to quit.

Sometimes Harold feels so dominated by the contemplation of taking physical action.

Pictured are Harold and Sir Robert spanning in their Canberra gym.





COURT

jesters

In Sydney Quarter Sessions last month a piece of light comedy was being performed in a prolonged clash between judge Stephen and Mr. Clive Brett, one of Sydney's leading Queens's Counsel.

The defendant was James Charnus Lang, 34, former secretary of a building society, who pleaded not guilty to three charges of having fraudulently misappropriated some £1,000.

The case was originally listed for November 9 here, in the week before, Lang applied for legal aid and was assigned

Mr. C. G. Penn. On November 9 Mr. Penn asked for an adjournment to give more time to prepare the case but on November 11 he sought a further adjournment. It he sought a further adjournment, Mr. Clive Brett O.C. could take the case over.

At the time, Judge Smithing then said that he believed the application for legal aid had been an ingenious scheme to prevent the case being heard before 1945. He commented, "It's going on this year, come hell or high water."

On November 1 and the case began before Judge Stephens, who told Mr. Brett he was very glad to have him in his Court. Mr. Brett said he was pleased to be in His Honor's Court.

But then attempted to challenge Mr. Brett's opinion on the grounds that they would be prejudiced because of past publicity for the case. After the jury had been empanelled, he twice unsuccessfully during the afternoon's proceedings asked for them to be discharged.

The Crown case ended on Monday December 14 and Lang returned for duty for an adjournment.

Why do you want an adjournment? For the reason I have endeavored to make plain, that for the time being I need a grant of adjournment. I don't know why Your Honor continues me in this way.

8. I don't think I heard what you said Mr. Brett. Did you say that I embarrass you?

9. Yes, because I explained it to Your Honor. Your Honor keeps asking why do I want an adjournment.

10. No, I don't keep asking you that and I don't think I have been asking you. For what reason do you wish an adjournment?

11. For the same reason I put to Your Honor on Friday last when Your Honor said the application would be prejudicially considered.

12. Will you please tell me for what reason you want an adjournment?

13. To look into a large number of documents.

14. The documents were all in evidence on Friday.

15. If Your Honor thinks everyone can be an expert...

16. Don't you put words into my mouth. I never said anything of the sort and you know it. Now, why do you want an adjournment for a week or whatever it is?

17. To consider documents tendered.

On December 15 the defence case began with Brett's opening address to the jury. Judge Stephens informed him that he was entitled to settle his case to the jury but not to make an unopposed speech.

So far having listened to your address for 15 minutes I have not found out what on earth the defence is.

18. I am addressing the jury.

19. And you should address the jury in accordance with the rules. Will you kindly tell the jury what the defence is.

20. As young men you probably played

1. These don't tell the jury you are not.

Your right is to continue your case to the jury, not to make an impassioned address.

2. I could not make an impassioned address if I tried.

3. Shall we say to me I borrow equipment then you to make an eloquent address.

4. You are always flustering me.

On December 17 Lang himself took the stand. He told the jury that he was innocent but the Crown Prosecution pointed out that this was for the jury to decide.

The judge said that Lang was perfectly entitled to make such a statement and then told Brett to go on with his case.

1. I don't like to be spoken to in this tone of voice.

2. Are you speaking to me?

3. What I have stated is a perfectly admissible question and then Your Honor says to me and says "Go on with your case".

4. I think you are deliberately trying to irritate me into saying something which could be unfair to the accused. I have been sitting like Pericles on a rock—staring for days and days. I won't be unfair to you or to the accused. You can remark what I said as much as you like.

Now, those objections were raised to a question, Brett said that apparently people were not allowed to "speak in Court".

5. What? We are not allowed to speak in Court? Did you say that? It is offensive and you will withdraw it.

6. The remark was not offensive and I will not withdraw it.

7. Very well, don't withdraw it. Ask your own question.

On December 21 Brett objected to judge

1. I only asked him where the records were.

2. No, I won't discharge the jury.

3. What did Your Honor mean by that?

4. All I wanted to know was whether the records were in Court or whether he had them.

5. Any records?

6. Any records.

7. I don't think Your Honor should make remarks like that. Even the Crown Prosecution does not make remarks like that.

8. Even the trial judge doesn't make remarks like that. Sit down.

Later in the day Judge Stephens told Brett that if he wanted to object he would have to do so properly.

9. I won't tolerate these contemptible insults and remarks. (To the Crown Prosecutor) Let him go.

10. What did you mean by that remark, Your Honor?

11. For God's sake, Mr. Brett, may I see my copyable without you taking umbrage at it? I said "let him go". It was no expression I should have used, plainly on December 20 Judge Stephens announced that he would have to discharge the jury and call a new trial. He explained that he had been under an incredible strain. The Crown Prosecutor said that he had noted a demonstration in the judge's behalf and wished to express his sympathy. 12. Well, I have felt the strain for some days. I feel I can't do justice to the defence as to the Crown.

13. May I just express my sympathy and understanding of the situation.

14. I would like to endorse that. I am sure everyone in Court wishes Your Honor a really happy Christmas and prosperous New Year. (Pause, Trial Menus, very much.)

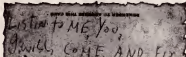
MIRROR, MIRROR UP THE WALL

Sydney Daily Mirror and Sun posters continue to fascinate us, both in their content and grammar.

One day last month, for example, a "model" (every girl the Mirror photographs is a model — there must be about 10,000 in Sydney) went to the Chevron in lace slacks — for dinner at night! She was not allowed into the diningroom.

By some chance coincidence, the Mirror happened to have a photographer present at that very moment. Isn't it disappointing that there's so little news around that Mirror editor, Mr. Zeli Baker has to conspire with "models" to make it?

Anyhow, dear old Zeli fell back, like and sister for this one. After all, he must have had the poster in mind even before the "incident" took place. Because there it was the next day, for all the world to see:



The Mirror's "photostat" of the same letter.



The Mirror's re-touch artist had been busy again. Both photos are identical, except that the Mirror had added a torso. 22/12/64

GIRL
IN LACE
PANTS
OUTLIT
Hotel
Scene

Probably, we love these new verbs, like to out, to go in for, to square. In fact, our sporting writer even wrote us a few paragraphs which we hope Zeli will incorporate into the Mirror's style book.

Our heading by the way, is:

OUTCAST ROY'S

208 AND OUTS

While Thomas Emerson is the wind-falls of the men's singles after winning him in the doubles.

Once asked, Emerson was lined by his to the city for an interview with a sports writer who had apostrophized him in the morning paper.

The writer pointed out that he had faced Emerson the day before when he had downed Hewitt.

Emerson was put out because he felt his reputation was being downed just at a time when he was expecting upped offers from professional players used to the US who wanted to in him for the next European tennis season without Hoad, Sedgeman and Rosewall. Way out, now!

Melbourne reader V.G. Watson has forwarded 102 two newspaper clippings. The first is from the "Age", Tuesday December 15. The channel & mode is "Pick-up Alley" a title too bohemian for Melbourne's eyes. So:

The second cutting is from the infamous "Herald" which has thoughtfully changed the name of the film to something a little more acceptable to its mid-Victorian Victorian readers.



Note: It definitely was the same film: the story line is exactly the same and most likely both came from the Channel 6 hand-out.



OZ NEW YEAR'S HONOR



MR. BUSH



D CAMPBELL

The Loss Affair to Remember

Bong Karm has a crush on Malaysia.

JUDGE STEPHEN AND CLIVE EVATT

Best Actors of the Year:

The Theatre of the Absurd is confusing but amusing. Likewise a recent court drama involving alleged misappropriation of club funds. (Highlights from the transcript are reproduced in the current OZ.) Though in this case, the actors themselves seemed most confused. Quickly dubbed the 'Abbott and Costello's of Quarter Sessions', Stephen and Evatt entertained a delighted twelve man audience until the eve of the law recess when Stephen stole the best laugh by ordering a re-trial 'in considerable expense to the Crown'.

BAN THE RAUME-

When Army officials urged members of the public to hand in any old war relics in case they were still lethal, OZ proffered Eric Raume. The Army declined him, assuring us 'this Raume is quite harmless it has burnt itself out'.

Notorious Story of the Year

Nothing like a tragedy to make a name famous - think of Colonel Custer. Now think of an unknown captain of an aircraft carrier (Captain Robert Lee). Involved in a collision. Name soon on every Royal Commissioner's lips. Rescued from the sea. Now writes historical novels for a daily newspaper.

NEW DINN: Speech for is Shepherd's pit.

Full days of the year: Nick Krachler and Alec Douglas Home.



TOUR DE FARCE

A Lady Markworth has invited 12 Sydney societies to "join her on a 6 month chaptered tour of Europe and Britain, including finishing courses in London and Paris, plus participation in the London 'Season' Cost? 'Only £1,495' Said the Lady in a press interview: 'I'm not a snob'.

The Burning Bush

Roger ('I am the surface of the Lord') Bush made friends with the Sun's Head set and then with the Sunday Mirror after it published his claptrap about their sex-lives. Now he comes microcosms Bush to the straight-and narrow in a weekly letter-reply column. Pity God doesn't coax him back to the Church.

Lord Rootes Dead



Anti-hero of the year

William Wallis' Sydney landing failed to coincide with T.V. cameras, so P.R. man Miller towed the raft outside the heads but it was becalmed... so he towed it in again

1954's Best **DONALD CAMPBELL**

Guess you think that is pretty much the world over? Campbell. Why else would he swim the Pacific? realises we're the only in the world stupid, ponder and publicise long. Thank God he the record at least - pass off.

Most overrated

KENNETH BIRN (B4) The Commonwealth's nobility Board

ENGLAND (on the death of Edith Sitwell)

A head framed with wimples and tresses
A life filled with cocaine jokes
A line that was Gothic
A wit catastrophic
A genius perhaps - or a bore?

Walter
Teresa
Edith
Duby
Michael
Jack R
Mad M

HOURS LIST



Best Selling Author -
ZVI RABIN

Zell ("hot sell") Rabin is editor of Sydney's Daily Mirror and author of their pungent full-page. Soon as part of a special promotion, Zell will appear at Parents' Book Department to autograph copies of his work.

Cleric of the Year:
ARCHBISHOP GOUGH

This remarkable churchman has:
● wrangled all year with his own Synod which despite all his dearest efforts to have voted against his own State Aid
● given an interview to the Bulletin which revealed him as a wit and a social crook
● extracted many thousands of pounds from Synod for the construction of Bishops Court.
● spent the last nine months trying fruitlessly to urge the Sydney police into investigating a blasphemous charge against the student journal "Theureka" for an article entitled "God in a Marijuana Patch". He was finally pacified by a diplomatic protest.
● Perhaps converted? We believe he's spending his summer holidays up in the hemp-ridden Hunter River. Ought in a marijuana patch?



Gloozest tidings for '65: A Royal visit by Prince Philip.

The 1964 Giant-Book

MERIAN MAKEDA fled from Sydney after being tarred with expatriate South Africans. JUDY GAIL AND fled after being victimized by the Sydney Press. Some off-wives (notably the PRASAD family) were exported, at least one write-off PRINCESS MARINA was imported. Other year-olds (including a Roussea Orthodox bishop) were not allowed in at all.

The Man Who's Done Most to Extend Christian Church

Superficial Magistrate G.W. Locke, with the OZ special gold-plated crucifix for his extraordinary work as a member of the Catholic Holy Name Society. Good as you, Gerald.



Man of the Year.

TIME magazine chose London B (Baron of the civilized world) Johnson as Man of the Year for 1964. OZ has chosen Barry Goldwater. Not because our Foreign Correspondent made a too-boo over who won the Presidential election but because we do not believe that all the well-intentioned heads-in-the-sands of TIME can conceal that Barry was the most significant figure to emerge last year.

Goldwater lost the Presidency by the kind of margin that unless bosses dream about. But he provided a rallying point and fight-brother for all those little men the world over - and nowhere more than in Australia - who will always believe that blacks can never be more than blacks and the State should not raise a finger to help the set-against to survive.

1964 was the Hugh Goldwater Week of international conservation.

White Australia 64

T. V. Commentator and Public Affairs director of a Melbourne radio station, Norman ("Blood") Banks, recently returned from a free tour of South Africa to publicize the virtues of apartheid.

In N & W it was revealed that the Moses swimming pool in segregated and that the townships of Kenyan parties blatant racial discrimination. The Mayor (R. Melville) told a reporter from 'The Australian' that "when everybody's equal they will be treated as equals."

JAPAN

They dry - cleaned Tokyo for the Games

They hid all the vices and shades

They banned crabs

Outdoors (such frustration)

And took all the streetwalkers' stones

RED CHINA

When China exploded its Bomb

It shook all our nuclear glands

For now when our crabs

And transmute us to ashes

Can we be so sure who it's from?



Not very educational

SOUR CREAM

THE SKIM OF UNIVERSITY REVUE

Sydney University has separated the cream of University Revues for the past five years.....

The sweetest people are inSOUR CREAM

...culled the best of the actors to perform them, and is about to pour downtown.....

SOUR CREAM..... always rises to the top ... to the St. James Playhouse (the site of the old Philip Street Theatre). For some Fridays and Saturdays from 12 Feb. Watch Sydney's walls for more news.

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Print 12 02 January 1965

Long queue at the end of the quest

In the afternoon, after an adequate but limp salad, Rayleen insisted that I accompany her on a tour of the National War Museum (NWM). This is one of the showpieces of the Canberra government which is shown to every foreigner. Rayleen had a genuine pride in this massiveness of the spirit of militarism and spoke easily of Lone Pine, Chong-sam Ridge and Cyprus.

During the long (Government-owned) bus trip out to NWM we passed close to the new lake, one of the few components of the U.S.-devised city plan retained by the Australian meddlers. Once again I had a chance to note what had impressed me several times before -- the poor quality of workmanship in this land.

COLIN SIMPSON, touring Australia with his State guide, Rayleen, has visited a hop field and now visits the administrative heart of the Commonwealth.

The lake retaining wall was cracking and even crumbling in spots and I wondered silently how long it would take the regime to realise that an efficient workman must take a pride in his work. No incentive equals no workmanship. Rayleen flushed and lowered her brown eyes.

But enthusiasm could not make up for the lack of the profit motive.

I saw a similar lack of pride in workmanship when visiting the Berlin Wall in '66 (Adorn in Eden - Colin Simpson 1961).

The building was not a thing of architectural beauty (by Western standards).

TAKE ME TOO —

when I pointed to a particular section of shoddy work. I learned later that she had been one of the young Girl Guides voluntarily working on the walls on their spare Saturdays and after Sunday school.

and like many other Australian State buildings was a massive squat structure built in the shape of a hollow square. (You can tell the character of a people from their buildings.)

A constant stream of

FOR THEM
BUT NOT
FOR ME

victors from other parts of the country was moving up the wide stone steps. Occasionally a group of schoolchildren or a 'pack' of Cubs or Brownies (identified by the bright scarves) would be led into the entrance by their dedicated leaders.

Rayleen positively glowed as she shepherded me inside and around the various exhibits. Like most young Australians she had been educated from childhood to a deep respect for the doings of the State Army.

Her pride was completely genuine although a

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"A classic exposition of modern dance" **SUN**

"Few of us could doubt the magic Alvin Ailey's Dance Theatre has for Sydney audiences" **AUSTRALIAN**.

The Company Flies **QANTAS**

Seats available from Tivoli, Nicholson's, Palings and D.J.'s.
Prices: 10/- 20/- 30/- ; Students Concession on presentation of authority. Children half price.

Westerner may not understand this attitude (Adam Goes West -- Colin Simpson 1958).

We passed storehouses of great Australian skinrubs and defects while Rayleen chattered on of Simpson's donkey, Jacka Y G. and other soldiers elevated to folk-hero status by a shrewd State. It is only possible to maintain an Army in a land of such small population (20 millions) if a certain glamour is attached to the whole gory business. At least, this accounts for the rearing of these shadowy figures in the large white building on the banks of the Lake.

In the centre of the WWI there is a small courtyard and here I witnessed one of the sights truly unique to Australia -- a spectacle always remarked upon by visitors but nevertheless still startling the first time one chances upon it.

A crowd of several hundred people was waiting in a queue six-deep around the perimeter of the square under an uncomfortably warm Australian sun. Rayleen informed me with some pride that most of them had waited for several hours and that for the tardy it would be in vain, for the doors of the small building upon which all eyes were turned would shut in an hour's time.

I took my place at the end of the long queue but a unfettered attendant at once saw from my leather shoes and woollen coat that I was not an Australian citizen. He ushered me to the head of the queue -- a privilege of overseas visitors who bring much-needed foreign exchange.

My efficient guides had previously given me little chance to see the people in their natural state as it were and even now Rayleen tried to divert my attention with her bright remarks. But I was struck by the quiet stolidity of the crowd and the cure

with which each person kept his correct position (Of course, Australians are not unused to queues. In Adelaide and Melbourne I often noticed long lines of shoppers outside the theatres, foodshops and clothing stores as I was whisked by in an official black limousine).

It was a remarkably mixed crowd with herdsmen and small farmers from the dry Western hinterland joining factory workers in open neck shirts and State office-workers.

I offered a small rosy-checked child a piece of chocolate (a delicacy in Australia) as I left the queue and his mother thanked me profusely. Australian mothers love their children just as much as Western mothers but children in Australia don't see enough chocolate as far as I can tell. The chubby lad reminded me strongly of the diminutive Hans of Stuttgart (Take me to Lichtenstein -- Colin Simpson 1962).

After this brief brush with the populace, Rayleen and I were politely (but firmly) taken to the head of the queue and we entered the semi-gloom of the small building.

Then, with the other visitors, (some of whom travelled hundred of miles for this experience), we shuffled slowly past the black shape resting on the timber cradle. After all [I had imagined, the exhibit was something of a disappointment but I was still moved and bent low to catch a closer glimpse. Some even blessed it but I could not quite enter into the spiritus machas Rayleen would have liked. In a matter of a few seconds we were past it and out into the bright Australian day. Respect for deeds past is universal, but as a Westerner, could I really bend low (as some did) and kiss the stern of a Japanese midget submarine?



For A Violent Death...

GO FOR A RIDE

(1,756 Killed on Australian roads last year)

CROSS A STREET

(811 Pedestrians killed last year)

GO FOR A SWIM

(440 Drowning victims)

JOIN THE NAVY

(82 Went down 1964)

LIVE IN AUSTRALIA

(Only 2 million will survive a nuclear attack)

For A Lingering Death...

Smoke CAMELUCKIES

The Devil-May-Care Cigarette
and relax.

When it comes, it comes. There's nothing you can do about it.

With the cigarettes can be seen in the continuing policy of lenient penalties for drunken and reckless driving. Attempts to increase wasteful police patrols have been thwarted and our opposition to alcohol tests has commanded gratifyingly wide support among all sections of the community.

Congratulations to all my members in N.S.W. What a wonderful year it has been - over 1,000 deaths and countless more seriously injured. A truly noble achievement of which we can all be justly proud.

We look forward to seeing most of you at the annual Road Day re-union. Although many of our old comrades will no longer be with us, they will not be forgotten at the drive-in. At the falling-down of the tyres we will remember them. The survivors will always honour their deathly heroism and

reckless carelessness which at last brought the just reward. Regardless of the cost to themselves and others they continued to drive dangerously, sometimes at high speed, overtaking in the face of the oncoming and striking terror into the cream hearts of all non-members. At blind corners, precipitous hills and busy intersections, they never hesitated. They are an inspiration to us all.

In looking back on 1964 your committee can't help but feel, modestly, Nobody can deny that it has been a really splendid year. As a result of our representations, speed-limits were raised in a number of areas and the campaign against anti-shield continues to hold its own. The success of our dealings

With this is no time to rest on our laurels.

Our plans for 1965 include:
larger car parks at jobs
introduction of metal telegraph poles
on all streets
strategic placement of "Road Up" signs
on blind corners
on-coming outlying suburbs with more police officers

Make 1965 YOUR year. It is so easy to make a contribution by being just a little more cautious and aggressive. When in doubt always act upon the basic rule of our association: "First Thems and Themselves" and always remember: one for the road might well mean another slip towards our target. Every single life counts, so take one now and feel the satisfaction of having helped the cause.

P.S. In answer to those members who have written to ask about children the answer is yes, they count as one in the same way as an adult.

JOHN POWELL

1788 and all that!

I wasn't like the others in the hall - not through, nervous, pale, fumbling. I was simply out of harmony with my environment and got caught up in the subject without knowing it. My day. I blame the Industrial Revolution. It was all a horrible mess, pushing that evil, that John's. The only virtue didn't think so. He said the College was never reserved for the done. And in any case I wasn't a student at Oxford, not had no option but to give entrance. As an example to other boys here educated than myself, he said.

When they offered an even year's transportation I jumped at the chance. Nothing like a long and trip to give you that sense of perspective. Get a good line, capital value, meet a nice class of people. The picture was certainly attractive. Lonely laughter, blue blue sky, sun blushed over Gateway land. I could feel the excitement in the air. The excitement of privacy. There was a way of making a big reputation and a reputation in the parish were. And if this sort of thing might be with the man, in the street a way of playing a musical part in the birth of a nation. That's what I wanted most I suppose, a chance to prove myself, to prove someone something that prove city would always remember. Like a city or a dynasty.

As it turned out I wasn't very disappointed. The trip to the delightful did not a world of good. I wasn't a scrap excited. I even developed a passion for the individual way they served the meals. The time passed in a happy whirl of pink washing, big talking and P.T. from the yard. For everything with the road, triangles and of course our big tables and sometimes we helped to find someone at the store. Mostly we did nothing but here and nothing up the sun, understanding back numbers of The Teller until the lunch grew wet.

Crossing the Line was full of trouble. We had no supper hall and couldn't eat a treat. There was a rule more for the table and some of the old ladies found the table and house with a breakfast of silencing studies below decks. A few of us entered the spirit of the occasion and got headbashed. Which as we looked at it looks presented you had your breakfast. The officers accepted this part of the festivities. They took down their moustaches. That night we had a fancy dress ball. As a rule I don't go much on organized games, parties, that sort of thing but we made an effort, managed in our tracks and turned up just as the music was starting dressed in clothes. What a riot!

And then before we knew it the trip was almost over. After the usual Tuesday night bible class and month-long supper of things-out, most of one could sleep, wash, we were in much a fix. Right enough of things outside where we were sheltered off a moment. We made the last supper in our dining and, come the dawn, there was the man of scripture offering a few sheepish words on Christmas values in a meagre assembly. We were about to introduce the bible and back, running willing and the 30 Articles in the kitchen, he said, and we must not fail them. We promised not to and stayed up there.

Half a league onward was a spectacular view of peaks at low tide and a swampy behind.

I even looked devilish excited to me except for two blackblows on a mound, beside themselves with gratitude, waving welcoming flats at us. Arthur was upon the dagger prophesying anyone. Landlord King was checking the stomach. Captain Hunter stood as up and hand-picked a crew for the passage. A new atmosphere was about to begin. We got no clean lines, gave a last minute pebble to our dog collars, adjusted the trousers, so they all the same way and then we were ready. I had my old workhouse colours in my belt. Good contemporary thinking that. We were a pretty silly lot as we clustered into the long boat.

On the way in we started a sleeping with some traditional ballads and I must say it was very emotional, the sun rising dramatically in the east, our Captain balancing a picture of the stomach on his head and no pleasure singing as we cracked the small ones into the shore. Actually we sang just that far. We ran into a another about forty yards off. Before we could, stuck there like that. Big question. Who carries the small ones? There was a bug, a few short afterlives and a minute, all the old ladies. I did want to appear as a pretty lot with the prospect of a picnic or a statue being put up on the side and in years to come probably a re-enactment of this very scene. I wasn't going to let that go. So I offered to carry the Captain on my back. Surprise. Surprise. I could tell the others were excited. Compliments were exchanged.

So we walked across the bay, me and the Captain in front the mob strong on behind, dragging the boat. I would be in the lower-end records for sure. Then a funny thing happened on the way to the beach. There was this channel which was quite deep. Half way across a fish with a big fin on his back glided up and took me, big snout, bald and old. You could have knocked me over. They said then it was a white shark but personally I think it was a tiger. Anyway, still half the Captain fell asleep in the Pacific. Lord how we all laughed. Quite ridiculous he looked, wet all over and the dye coming out of his moustache. But he didn't complain which I thought was pretty decent of him. I did a bit of a query myself but I improved a crowd with little silver fish and got there before the others. My previous incident. One big or dry land. And standing.

The ruling, by the New Hampshire Supreme Court, yesterday cleared the way for the trial of an accused - of - privacy suit in which a couple accuse their former husband of planting an eavesdropping device in their bedroom.

Carl Humberger, an automotive agency parts manager, and his wife, Mrs. Humberger, said the device was hidden in their room for a year.

The discovery of the device was made a check that it has been under a doctor ever since.





Privates' Progress

The matter about which I am now going to speak is not new. I spoke in the House on the Sunday in regard to it. The whole case appeared in the *Medical Journal* and also in the *New York Times*. It has appeared in these two publications, strictly there is nothing wrong about speaking here on it on behalf of the press.

The case was that of a man who was employed in one of the large city Taxi's, he was in Sydney as a cleaner. This gentleman had been working at the job for some months in a respectable manner. On a certain day, he was engaged in the removal of a sofa from one room to another. The gentleman at the other end of the sofa allowed his end of the sofa to drop. That is where all the trouble started. This man was hit. After a few days, he was in great pain. He was taken to hos-

pital and he was operated on. On the first occasion he was operated on, he suffered the loss of one — I went to see the Minister for Social Services (Mr. Robertson), and I put this man's case to him. In a second operation, he lost another.

The Minister for Social Services, from that day, has given this man nothing. I said to the Minister: "I intend to raise this matter in the House. I would like you to help me to introduce this subject. What am I going to say? I cannot go into the House and say that he is a gelding. What would be the proper way to describe his trouble? Would the proper term be his privates or his testicles?" The Minister said: "Leave it to me and I will have a look at it." That was 16 months ago and the Minister has not looked at it yet.

For the loss of a great testis patients receive £640 and for the loss of any other testis a person receives £344. So, in all of a person, lost two testis — a big one had a little one — he would collect about £1,000. But there is no legislation in Australia under which these men can receive justice.

I tried very hard to get him a job through the Commonwealth Employment Service. We succeeded in getting him a job as a cleaner in one of the big supermarkets in Sydney. He did the work very well for a while. He came along in one or two days. I said to him: "How are you getting on in your job?" He said: "Not too well. When I am getting around doing my work and I see all the nice young girls around, I get very lonely. I need to be loved. Never mind about the lovely part of it. Are you satisfied with the job you have?" Well, he was not at all job for about three months and then he was put off.

If he has to walk any distance, he has to sit down on the bench or the footpath to rest. I am no judge of how he should feel after losing such important things. But he has no chance of getting a job at the present time. He was before Judge Raftery, who decided that he had not been serving his living by white-collar work. The next thing was that his wife was not too pleased about things. He does not mind my saying these things, because he is desperate. His wife was advised by a leading solicitor in Sydney that if she took proceedings she might be treated contemptuously for loss of conjugal rights. That, having no money, she could not go to court. That left the unfortunate man's position at the present time.



THE SPEAKING MR. RAY MAUDE

November 11, 1964

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bikinis, shirts and board shorts

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Rm 6
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HOW TO MAKE A PARK

OR Councillors and Aldermen HOW TO WIN RESPECT IN YOUR ELECTORATE

Locate a SUITABLE block of land. Destroy all vegetation. Sprinkle liberally with dust mixed with broken beer bottles. Choose a central and prominent position to erect a red brick shrine to sanitation.



IT goes in here and it comes out at BONGY

Plant some small dead trees in the sand and build cages around them — these are for shade



FORBIDDEN
POORLY LIT BY DAY

erect a notice forbidding all the things you can do in a park

and a bubbler that dribbles warm brown water and a Bench.



that is painted red and yellow and blue and green and purple

and a crazy paving War Memorial dedicated to those who died in the GREAT

(just great) WARS, and who unselfishly and unthinkingly gave their lives so we could have FREEDOM and Parks like this to remember them by. E.S. ... name the park after yourself.





I don't

I do

Betty
Manning
Melbourne 1910

Miss
Manning
Melbourne 1910

she does
what?

I should
love hate to
think



WHAT?

SHE GOES..



TO "THE GAS
LASH" 212
ELIZABETH
ST SYDNEY



WHAT IS IT?



A DISCOTHEQUE



WHAT'S A DISCOTHEQUE
???

I DONT KNOW.....
BUT SHE DOES..



WHAT?